

Golfe de Naples

Panorama pris de l'Hôtel Belle Vue.

[printed image of Naples with mountain in background]

Friday - the 13th

My dearest Mother - Bob and Shippen

How I wish I had you all here with us - you would love it so. I had thought of Naples as a place to go on to Rome from - now I see it will be hard to tear ourselves away + we have already had to decide to postpone our departure a little - at least not to think of leaving just yet. Yesterday at about three we left the old prison ship. Two divers swam about + implored "gentlemen! American money - German shilling" + they would turn upside down wiggle their toes + presently re-appear with the money in their mouths, which (the money, not the mouths) had been thrown from the deck - I thought of Bob - others sang etc. - but it was on the dock itself that we found real pandemonium. We stood there two mortal hours waiting for our trunks to lower on the tender - + I got my first

[underlined] good [/underlined] Italian lesson warding off the little beggars that besieged us. The Bellevue porter met us but his English seems to be confined to the 1st pers. sing. of every verb so we had to relapse into French. Customs was literally a lick (of the stamp) + a promise + then we lumbered through most enchanting streets to the hotel. The rose bushes are really [underlined] trees [/underlined] - I never dreamed of such exquisite profusion - of every shade + color - peeping over every wall + climbing up every house - not to speak of the wild poppies - orange blossoms + every other flower. It is a fairy land - oh + I haven't said a word about Vesuvius + yet it was of course my first impression of Italy except for the beautiful islands. Well - Vesuvius was at first just a huge pitch black thunderous cloud - then it cleared gradually + with the thunderous atmosphere still about it we can see only loads of lava + ashes down to its foot. Whatever villages were there are gone. We passed this afternoon - an Italian advertisement

of a cinematograph of San Francisco calamity. It seemed strange - I suppose San F. has Vesuvius the same way. All Naples is covered with fine grey dust from Vesuvius - heaped up all over tho' wagon loads have been dumped into the sea. This morn. M.K.K. + I explored the tower a bit while O. rested - M.K.K. + I feel everything bobbing up + down. I bought some necessary gloves .50 a pair - + we visited the cathedral + the [Gesu?] - a sermon was going on in the [illegible] + I was cross not to be able to understand more than phrases. There we took a carriage + drove hours speaking in Italian to the man whom we engaged to drive us to Posilipo - this after - a most lovely drive with magnificent view of Naples - the bay, Vesuvius, etc. + through gardens +

vineyards. We were gone from 3.30 - 7.15 + paid .47 apiece. I "gave charity" - feed a boys paid admission to an old tour of villa - + bought

Naples

Hôtel Belle Vue

[printed illustration of hotel]

beautiful roses which were let down to us from the top of a high wall in a basket - all this for .05!! - Boys, we hunted hard for the tomb of Virgil which is supposed to be near - but couldn't find it. However we saw the neighborhood where they say he wrote the Aeneid + Georgies. He must have been inspired by the wonderful view. I think of B. every time I look at Vesuvius. It is covered by dense cloud at night but sends up foule smoke by day. To-morrow we shall drive to Pompei - an unusual way of going - but our driver is such fun - let alone the beauties of [illegible]. If you could hear us talking Italian. M.K.K. spent the day saying to him "Dov'e il tombo di Vergilio" - + occasionally to vary it "del Signor Vergilio" + it was not till the end of our drive that he acknowledged that he didn't

know. To-morrow we shall start at nine + be gone all day - for 10 francs "+ a macaroni". There is much more to tell you but I never could write it all - + now it is bedtime - if you could hear the tinkles of the goats' bells as they pass us. I want you all most muchly. With lots of love to all the dear family.

Lovingly

Louise